

I Hate You.

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/28569492) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/28569492>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Dream Team - Fandom , Dreamwastaken , GeorgeNotFound - Fandom , Minecraft - Fandom , Minecraft youtube
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream & GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Oral Sex , Shower Sex , Degradation , Praise Kink , Hate Sex , mafia sons au , Frottage , thigh riding , No established relationship , Smut , georgenotfound - Freeform , Top Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Bottom GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , dreamwastaken - Freeform , Choking Kink , Cum Swallowing
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-01-05 Words: 5133

I Hate You.

by [saturnsanity](#)

Summary

Dream and George are forced to work together to save their fathers asses after a slip-up causes them to be kidnapped and held for ransom.

In between traveling they stay the night in a hotel where things get a little heated...in more ways than one.

The two boys filed into the hotel room in silence. The tense atmosphere was thick with lingering glares and the sting of harsh words spat at each other minutes prior.

Dream set his bag down on the bed closest to the door and George set his down on the bed by the window. George immediately drew the curtains closed as tight as possible and turned the A.C. down as much as allowed. The room fell dark and George closed his eyes for a moment, letting the real world wash away, taking in the serene feeling, even if for a second.

Dream scoffed at the shorter boy.

"Don't get too comfortable. We're only here for one night. And don't forget if it wasn't for your idiot of a father, we wouldn't be here right now."

George opened his eyes and stared Dream down angrily. So much for serene.

"It's just as much your fathers fault too. I wouldn't be talking if I were you," George shot back with just as much venom in his words. He lowered his gaze and started to take out some clothes from his bag, walking over to the small closet to hang them up so they weren't wrinkled come morning.

Dream walked around his bed and turned on the small lamp that rested on the nightstand between the two beds. He opened one of the drawers and pulled out the bible, flipping through the pages quickly collecting the bills left between the pages.

"What the fuck are you doing?"

Dream looked up to see George turned around scrutinizing his actions.

"What? Didn't you know people leave money in this shit? If there's one good thing the bible's for...."

Dream grinned and tossed the book back in the drawer, closing it hastily.

George watched for a moment more, then rolled his eyes, returning to his side of the room and flopping across the bed. He closed his eyes once again, listening to Dream's movements; he pictured what was happening in front of his closed eyes as he was hearing it.

Dream opening his bag, pulling out his clothes, hanging them up in the closet just as George had done, walking back towards his bed and tossing his bag to the corner, slipping off his shoes, and laying down on his bed, reaching his arm over to turn off the light again.

George stopped picturing things and let his mind fall blank, falling asleep rather quickly to the sound of Dream's steady breathing.

George was the first to wake. He rubbed his eyes groggily and blinked a few times, letting his eyes adjust to the darkness the room had suddenly fallen into. He stifled a yawn and glanced at the small analog clock.

2:30 am, it read.

He darted his eyes over to Dream who was lying on his back, arms behind his head, chest rising and falling slowly. George studied him for what had to be the millionth time since they'd been thrown together.

His fault we're in this fucking mess.

George grudgingly shook away his thoughts, knowing it would only make the situation worse, but he couldn't help himself sometimes. He spoke harshly without even thinking half the time.

As George watched him, Dream stirred and opened his eyes, looking over and locking eyes with George almost immediately. George only stared back, not bothering to pretend as though he wasn't looking.

"Are you watching me while I sleep?" Dream inquired, running a hand through his hair, propping himself up on one elbow.

"And what if I was? I don't trust you enough to not keep an eye on you. Who knows what you'd try

to pull? If you're anything like your father that is."

Dream snorted. "I'm my own fucking person, you know. You don't have to bring him into every conversation we have."

Dream's words sounded colder than they had before, and George took note of it, but pushed on anyways.

"Well, the only reason we're even having a conversation right now is because of what he did. And he dragged my father into it too. I can clearly see why my dad has always hated yours. I bet you're just like him too, just a greedy, self absorbed, son of a bi-"

"Shut. The fuck. Up," Dream's voice dropped to a subtle growl.

"What if I don't want to? Hmm?"

George never did know when to stop.

"I swear to god I'll kill you right now."

George smiled sadistically at the words.

"Do it then. See where that gets you. Go on...kill me Dream."

Dream glared daggers at him. George held his stare, refusing to back down.

Dream finally lowered his eyes with a huff. He shifted in his bed and turned away from George. George smiled, a small grin of victory. He turned around and got off of his own bed, smoothing the sheets down obsessively. He wandered over to the closet and began to pull out his clothes for the day.

He heard the bathroom door open and he whipped around to see Dream waltz in. Before Dream has the chance to lock the door behind him George pushed into the room.

"What are you doing?!"

"What does it look like."

Dream replied flatly, his back to George as he turned on the shower-head.

"I was gonna shower first! You fucking knew that!"

George yelled exasperatedly, throwing his arms up.

"Sucks, huh? I got here first though so you can leave."

George felt anger rising in his chest.

"That's not fucking fair! You can't just take whatever you want! You always do this! You're just like your father. Stepping all over anyone who gets in the way of what you want."

Dream gave no reaction, so George spurred on.

"Even the most basic shit you can't handle not having. Will it kill you to let someone else have anything?! It'll kill you just like your dad killed your mom. Poor woman married a vile man...never stood a fucking chance. And don't you have her blood on your hands too? She got in his way, is

that it? Daddy told you to prove yourself by helping him get rid of her, right? She must've been so relieved in her final moments, I mean I know I would if I ever had to-

Dream's hand shot out, gripping George's throat. Struggling to breathe, George felt his face flush, his scathing words forgotten. Dream slowly squeezed harder.

"Don't you fucking dare talk about my mother. You don't know shit about what happened."

Dream's face was so close to George's he could feel his breath on his lips. Dream's grip on George's throat was bruising; he could kill him right now if he wanted to, and it almost seemed like he would. The sensation was unlike anything George had ever felt before.

George's mind blanked. He had nothing to say, he was barely even thinking, barely breathing, it was so much and still not enough.

"Nothing to say now, huh? If I had known this was all it would take to shut you up I would've done this ages ago."

George only looked up at Dream, his eyes pleading. But for what? He hadn't a clue.

Dream minutely tightened his grip around George's throat then let go. George gulped for air, coughing as his head spun from the rush of oxygen flooding back through his brain. He sunk to the floor, gently leaning his head against the wall, shutting his eyes tight.

Dream watched him, his gaze flitting down to George's neck, dark bruises already starting to form against pale skin. He let his eyes drift further down and- oh.

Dream knelt down in front of George and reached his hand out. Running his finger up George's neck, pushing in the places he was bruised, then back down again.

George made a small noise in the back of his throat and then opened his eyes to look at Dream.

Dream hummed and pulled his hand away.

"You liked that, didn't you?"

George shook his head quickly.

Dream glanced down again with a smug grin, his eyes settling on George's lap.

"Really?" Dream questioned.

George glanced down as well, his face flushing red at the sight.

"I didn't- I- No, it's not-" George faltered, unable to think of an excuse.

"So....it won't mean anything if I," Dream wrapped his hand around George's neck again, "Do this..?"

Dream's hand was tight around George's throat, softer than last time, but certainly enough to get a reaction.

George arched his back against the wall and let out a shaky breath, closing his eyes. Dream huffed a triumphant laugh.

"Slut."

George whimpered and clenched his fist, digging his nails into his palms.

"Can't believe you're getting off on this."

Dream muttered and released his grip on Georges neck, letting him breathe again.

The two sat in, almost, silence for a moment. The only sound in the room was Georges heavy breathing and the sound of the shower.

Dream rested his finger under Georges chin, tilting his face up to look at him.

"Tell me George, do you want this?"

George nodded without thought.

"Words babe."

"Yes...please.."

That was good enough for Dream.

Dream wasted no time leaning and pressing his lips to the smaller boys in a heated kiss. Dream bit down on Georges bottom lip, earning a whine from the latter. This wasn't enough for Dream though, so he brought his hand back to Georges neck and squeezed. George opened his mouth and moaned into the kiss, giving Dream access to slip his tongue into his mouth.

George didn't bother fighting for dominance, letting Dream explore his mouth as he pleased. George barely kissed back, just reveling in the feeling, moaning loudly every so often.

Dream finally pulled back breathlessly.

"The showers gonna get cold."

He stated simply.

George took it as a hint for him to leave, he felt a small pang in his chest but moved to stand up anyways, ignoring the feeling.

"Woah woah where are you going?"

Dream grabbed Georges wrist tightly and pulled.

"Did you not want me to-"

"No."

"Oh." George stares, dumbfounded for a moment.

Dream lets go of Georges wrist and brings his hand to the bottom of Georges shirt, his fingers dancing around the fabric.

"Can I?"

"Yeah...I- yeah please."

Dream hastily removed Georges shirt, taking in his small frame for moment, the pulling off his own shirt. Dream made a move for the older boys pants next, running his fingertips along the hem,

giving him a small window to back out if he wanted. When no motion was made to stop him, he quickly undid the button and zipper, pulling them down as quickly as he could while George watched with bated breath, moving his legs up to help get them off.

"Come here. Up."

Dream said as he stood up, reaching his hand down and offering it to George.

George took it and allowed himself to be pulled to his feet. George leaned back against the wall and watched as Dream discarded his pants; he moved to pull his boxers down and George couldn't help but stare, he told himself to look away but it was pointless. Dream took note of his staring.

"What? See something you like? Something you want maybe?"

Dream grinned at him and his face flushed and he narrowed his eyes.

"Shut up."

"Hmm I don't think I want to. You get to mouth off so it's only fair,"

George opened his mouth to respond but shut it.

"I think I should put your mouth to a better use. Think those pretty lips of yours can do more than bitch and complain?"

"Why don't you find out?"

"Oh, believe me, I will," Dream snarled.

George discarded his own boxers as Dream pulled open the shower door and stepped in motioning for George to do the same.

George barely had time to close the door before he was pressed up against the wall harshly. Dream had one hand on his chest and the other rested on the wall next to George's head. George looked up at him expectantly, barely breathing as he waited.

"I'm fucking sick of you, you know? You've done nothing but bitch this whole time. You never know when to shut the fuck up."

Dream leaned down to whisper into his ear, causing shivers to go up the older's spine as he whined at the words.

"Oh yeah?" George said through gritted teeth.

"What are you gonna do about it?"

Dream laughed low. "I'm gonna make you regret ever opening your mouth."

Deep inside, George felt this burning need to play with fire, wanting to see how much further he could take it, how much he could push it. The flames licked up his chest, jumping into his throat. He didn't care if he got burned. "You're doing a lot of talking, and not enough doing. I'm starting to think you're making empty promises, Dream."

"You think so do you?"

"Yeah I do. I'm not surprised either. You're a coward. Always have been, always will be. Do

something already, show me just how bad you can be.”

Dream exhaled deeply. “I think I’ve let you have your fun. You talk so fucking much for someone that can barely think when I do this.” He slowly ran his hand up from Georges chest to his neck, wrapping his long fingers around George’s throat. He slowly applied mounting pressure, pushing George’s head firmly against the wall.

“You’re so cute when you’re quiet. So much nicer like this, don’t you think?”

George swallowed hard.

“I think you’re the one that’s all talk, now that I think about it. You act like you know everything, like you’re better than everything...but look at you now. Gone silent at just a simple touch. It really is pathetic,” Dream taunted.

George felt the grip on his neck tighten as Dream continued.

“Although, I think I’ll be nice.”

George closed his eyes, and Dream allowed him a second of false security before he continued.

“Since you just love to talk...I think I’ll make you beg.”

George’s eyes shot wide open. Dream removed his hand from George’s throat, allowing him to gasp for breath.

“Go on. Beg.”

“No. There’s no fucking way I’m going to do that,” George rasped.

Dream rolled his eyes. at “Always have to do things the hard way with you...”

Dream murmured. He brought his hand arm down from its position on the wall and wrapped it around George’s waist. He used his other hand to start trailing down George’s chest slowly. He paused momentarily to pinch at one of George’s nipples, drawing a stifled moan from George as he bit down hard on his bottom lip. He leaned his face into Georges neck, sucking and biting harsh marks around the area, following the path of his hand with dark hickeys.

Dream continued the slow movement of his hand, leaving feather light touches all the way down George’s abdomen, circling his hips and thighs...but just avoiding the area George was desperate to be touched.

George whined and pushed his hips forward a little almost instinctively.

“Awh baby...it’s not gonna be that easy.”

Dream pushed Georges hips back, his grip tight enough to leave bruises.

“If you want something you have to use your words and beg.”

George shook his head and whined again.

“Don’t tell me you’ve gone all shy now...you had so much to say earlier...”

George breathed heavily, his mouth still shut.

“Guess we don’t have to do anything. I’ll just finish my shower and leave, yeah?”

Dream pulled his hands away from Georges body and took a step back.

“No!”

Dream raised his eyebrows at Georges sudden outburst.

“N-no..I...”

“Hmm?”

George closed his eyes and took a shaky breath.

“...please..”

Dream smiled

“What was that? I didn’t quite hear you, you’re gonna have to be louder than that.”

George mentally cursed Dream.

“Please! Fuck please just touch me please!”

“That’s more like it. Good boy.”

Dream cooed and returned his hands to Georges hips, dragging his nails across them. George whined partly at the praise and partly at the feeling of Dreams nails digging into his skin, the burn was delicious.

Dream finally brought his hand to Georges cock. He ran his finger slowly from the base all the way up to the tip. George moaned loudly, closing his eyes and throwing his head back against the shower wall.

Dream repeated the motion, slower than before, watching as Georges cock twitched, wanting more.

“More, babe?”

George nodded his head frantically.

“What do you say?”

“...please..”

“You’re learning. Such a good boy.”

George whimpered, and Dream wrapped his hand around the latters cock, starting to move his fist up and down agonizingly slow. George fought the urge to buck his hips up, tightening the muscles in his stomach and clenching his teeth.

Dream sped up his movements, running his thumb over the slit on the up-strokes. George just whined and whimpered, the pleasure taking up all the space in his brain.

George felt himself getting close, heat bubbling up in his lower stomach, and then Dream pulled his hand away. George whined needily and let out an angry huff of air.

“Did you think I was gonna let you cum before me? You haven’t earned it yet.”

George balled his fists and tried to ignoring the empty, unfinished feeling that was washing over him.

“I still want to put that filthy mouth of yours to work...get on your knees and beg. I wanna hear you beg for me to use you.”

George complied after a moments hesitation, dropping to the warm, wet floor. He looked down at his own hands as he spoke.

“Please...please let me suck you off.”

Dream brought his hands to Georges hair, tangling his fingers in the dark locks, then tugging his head up roughly.

“Look at me when you speak.”

Dream said lowly.

George audibly gulped, looking up at Dream, pushing down his ego, because god did he want this.

“Please let me suck you off...wanna feel you in my mouth please.”

“Please what?”

“Please...sir.”

Dream made a small noise of approval.

“Thats it...you’re doing so good. Keep going, I don’t think you’ve begged hard enough yet.”

George whined and frowned slightly.

“Please please use me, fuck my face please I want it so badly...want you so badly please sir please I wanna make you feel good please I’ll be so good please let me.”

Dream tightened his grip on Georges hair and George moaned at the feeling, leaning into it.

“God you’re so hot, just look at you baby...so far gone and all for me...what would your daddy think if he saw you like this? Begging on your knees to get your pretty little face fucked.”

George breathed out, “Please...”

“Open your mouth babe.”

And George did.

Dream pulled George forward by his hair, pushing his cock into Georges open mouth, moaning lowly. Dream stared down at Georges pretty lips wrapped around his cock, and his pretty eyes looking up at him through his long eyelashes, his face flushed a pretty pink colour.

“Suck.”

George responded eagerly, enough so that if he were thinking clearly he would’ve been more than embarrassed. He sucked hard, hollowing out his cheeks as much as possible. He slowly inched down the latters cock, taking it as far back into his throat as he could manage.

Dream inhaled sharply and bit down hard against his bottom lip. George made a small gagging sound and moved to pull back but Dream held his head firmly in place, rutting his hips into Georges mouth making him gag harder.

George dug his nails into Dreams thighs and Dream let his head go, looking down at him with an amused smirk as George looked at him with a sharp glare, but one with no venom to it.

“You’re an ass. Hasn’t anyone ever taught you not to head push?”

George spat, catching his breath.

“Awh what happened to the compliant pretty boy I was getting a few minutes ago,”

Dream responded, his voice dripping false honey as he returned his hands to Georges head, grabbing fistfuls of the brown locks, and pulling upwards hard and speaking slowly,

“And I don’t think you’re in any fucking position to tell me what to do. Sit there and take it or I won’t be so nice next time.”

George whimpered pathetically.

“Good boy.”

George leaned his head forward and wrapped his lips around the blonds cock once more, swirling his tongue around the tip slowly and sucking softly between every flick of his tongue.

Dream groaned and gripped Georges hair harder, causing George to moan around his cock, the vibrations only adding to the pleasure.

George ran his tongue through the slit, savouring the salty taste of precum on his tongue. He started to slowly bob his head up and down the length, running his tongue along the underside each time he pulled up, slowly sinking deeper, letting the tip hit the back of his throat once more.

The brunette swallowed around Dreams cock and heard a loud moan from above. He opened his eyes and looked up at Dream.

That was almost enough to make Dream cum right then and there; seeing George on his knees, cock down his throat, eyes blown out and cheeks flushed, looking up at him through thick lashes.

“Can I fuck your throat?” Dream asked, the raspiness of his voice catching him off guard. He sounded as wrecked as George looked.

George stopped his movements, pulling back til the tip of Dreams dick was resting on his tongue. He held his mouth open, placed his hands in his lap, then looked back up at Dream.

“Fuck..”

Dream pushed his hips forward, his cock hitting the back of Georges throat quickly. He repeated the motion as George tried his best to suppress his gagging, clenching his fists in his lap.

“Fuck you feel so fucking good. Such a good little ah slut for me letting me use you like this. So fucking dirty. God.”

George moaned at the words, unclenching his fists and wrapping a hand around his own cock, stroking it quickly and sloppily.

“You’re nothing but a stupid fucktoy, but you fucking love it don’t you? Love being so full with my cock, love it when I pull your hair and tell you how worthless you are, love it when I grab you so hard I leave bruises all over your skin. Right baby?”

George started to moan out and Dream only fucked into his mouth harder, cutting his moan off with a sharp gag. Dream could feel the heat in his stomach start to uncoil, signaling he was close.

“I’m gonna cum down your throat and you’re gonna swallow every last drop like a good boy.”

Dream thrust a few more times before his hips started to stutter. He pushed himself deep into Georges mouth as he came with a low groan.

“Fuuck..so fucking good babe.”

George whined and swallowed Dreams cum, pulling off his dick and licking it clean as well, still fisting his own cock pathetically. Dream took note of this and grinned evilly.

“Stop.”

George whimpered but kept going, desperate to cum.

“I said stop.”

George slowly pulled his hand away from his aching cock and placed down by his side. He huffed then looked up at Dream, pouting slightly.

“Awh poor baby. Stand up and finish showering then maybe I’ll think about letting you cum.”

George groaned in annoyance and stood up.

“I fucking hate you.” He said with as much authority as he could muster.

Dream chuckled,

“Sure you do.”

The pair showered in silence, taking turns scrubbing their bodies with the soap then standing under, the notably cold, water and rinsing off.

Dream turned the water off and was first to step out of the shower, grabbing one of the towels off the rack, then tossing the other to George as he stepped out as well. Dream dried off his hair first, rubbing the towel at his head roughly for a few seconds then pulling it off and wrapping it around his waist, stepping out of the bathroom and into the main bedroom area. George was slower, he carefully dried his hair, then pulled the towel over his arms, drying them first, then brought the towel to his neck and chest, his stomach, legs, then around to his back.

Once he was dry he paused, taking in his blurry outline in the mirror. He reached his hand out and wiped the fog away, being met with his own reflection and startled. He looked, well, a wreck. His lips were swollen, his red cheeks stained with tears, eyelashes dark and wet part from crying. He ran his fingertips lower on the mirror and took in the state of his body, neck bruised from Dreams grip, same as his hips, and the space from his neck to his lower abdomen was littered with hickeys.

And he would be lying if he said he didn’t love it.

He felt his dick twitch as he replayed the scene moments prior in his head, and groaned; he prayed that Dream would let him cum. He was already close and on edge from his actions in the shower.

He stepped out of the room with a sigh, towel wrapped securely around his waist as he made his way over to the wardrobe. He felt eyes on him as he walked.

“Ah ah wait.”

George turned around and watched Dream slowly run his eyes up and down his body, shamelessly checking him out, his eyes lingering on the bruises covering his neck before settling up at his eyes.

George raised his eyebrow in response.

Dream took a step back and sat down on the edge of his bed.

“You still want to cum, right?”

George was tempted to give a smart-ass response but swallowed it down and nodded his head. Dream patted his lap,

“Come here then.”

George shuffled over quietly and sat on Dreams thigh and Dream pulled the towel away from George tossing it back on the bed, then placed his hands around his hips.

“Now...what do you say?”

George took a shaky breath and shook his head.

“Oh come on baby, don’t make this harder for yourself.”

George made a small noise of protest then spoke,

“P-please...please make me cum please...want it so badly it hurts.”

Dream pulled Georges hips forward effectively brushing the smaller boys dick up against his thigh and lower stomach, giving him the friction he desired.

“That’s it...good boy.”

Dream whispered in his ear, breath hit against him sending shivers down his spine. The coldness of the air around them caused goosebumps to rise on Georges bare skin, but he couldn't be bothered to care, only focused on the pleasure he was receiving. The contrast between his naked body and Dreams clothed one was enough to make him feel small and exposed, but he loved it.

George moaned loudly, his hands wrapped around Dreams neck and face buried into his neck, messily kissing and nipping at the skin as Dream continued to move his hips downwards in a steady rhythm.

“Oh fuck Dream I-i’m close please...”

George panted out. Dream smiled to himself and removed his hands from Georges waist, pulling back and looking at him.

“Why’d you stop I was-”

“I’m tired.”

“But I..”

George whined and pouted looking at Dream pitifully.

“Don’t let me stop you though baby, you can keep going.”

Georges face flushed red at the tone of the words, the smirk on Dreams face, and the thought.

“That’s embarrassing...”

George whispered, looking down.

“You wanna cum, don’t you?”

George whined.

“Go on then. Ride my thigh like a good boy.”

George felt a new wave of heat flare up in his stomach. He leaned back in to bury his face in Dreams neck, but Dream placed a hand on his chest.

“Don’t hide your face, I wanna see you.”

George nodded and put one of his hands on Dreams shoulder and the other rested on his chest. He shyly rutted his hips against Dream, closing his eyes and biting his lip.

He sped up his movements, the sound of his moans increasing in volume and frequency the closer he got.

“You look so good like this baby. Such a pretty little whore riding my thigh so desperately. So fucking dirty.”

George let out a long drawn out whine, grinding his hips down shamelessly, chasing his release.

“Nnh Dream please...wanna cum please.”

“I know you can beg better than that.”

“Please! Please let me cum please fuck- feels so fucking good need it so badly please, sir please you make me feel so good wanna cum, wanna cum for you please.”

George babbled almost incoherently, the need to release was overwhelming him at this point.

“Hmm..”

Dream returned his hands to Georges hips, pressing his fingers into the skin harshly.

“Go ahead, cum for me baby.”

Georges hips stuttered against him.

“Oh fuck oh fuck Dream...sir...gonna..ah...cum I-”

George almost sobbed as he came, ribbons of white spilling on his chest and Dreams shirt. His thighs shook and the muscles in his stomach clenched and unclenched.

Dream watched, almost entranced as George came undone. He watched as George relaxed, leaning his head down against his shoulder, panting heavily. Dream brought his hand up from Georges hip and dipped his fingers in the cum staining his chest. He brought his fingers to his own mouth and licked them.

“You taste good.”

He said simply and George groaned

“Shut up.”

“That’s not what you were saying a few minutes ago when you were-”

George gasped and sat up straight,

“Shut up!”

He punched Dream lightly in the shoulder. Dream only laughed in response.

“Feisty now, are we?”

George rolled his eyes with a sigh and got off Dreams lap. He walked to the dresser where he had left his clothes earlier and slipped them on. Dream laid back against the pillows and watched with a smirk.

“Don’t be a creep. I can feel you looking at me.”

“Really? You just sucked me off then got off against my leg.”

George ignored him and finished dressing himself. He walked over to his bed and layed down as well.

“I’m gonna take a nap. We have shit to do later so I advise you take one as well.”

“Whatever.”

Dream huffed out in response.

“Night. Oh, and Dream?”

“Yeah?”

“I still hate you.”

“Good. I hate you too.”

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!